At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Evening services.
6:15 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
7:45 Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
6:45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:30 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church

Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Chior rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting.
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

German Evangelical Reformed Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.
10 a. m. Saturday, German school.
8 p. m. Wednesday, Y. P. S.
11 a. m. Sunday worship.
Th. Schildknecht, Pastor.

Kern Park Christain Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 8 p. m. preaching service.
7 p. m. Christain Endeavor.
8 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
8:45 p. m. Thursday, Bible Study Class.
A cordial welcome to all who will attend any services.
R. Tibbs Maxey, Minister.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m, No other services that day.
Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.
Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m.
Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., C. S. Bradford, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:45 p. m. Eva Bischoff, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

MT. Scott Center of Truth.

Meeting every Sunday evening at 8:00 p. m. Three doors east of 82d St., Grays Crossing, Portland, Ore.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Clifford Barker Superintendent.
11:00 a. m Preaching services.
6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching Services.
8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these services. John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Sept., 12, Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.
Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Lents M. E. Church

Preaching 11:00 and 7:54 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Praymeeting Thursday 8 p. m.
Epworth League 7 p. m.
Let everybody come and worship with us that do not attend services elsewhere.
W. Boyd Moore, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Magnolia Camp No. 4026 meets regular. Second and Fourth Thursdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Thursday social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Thursday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

SYNOPSIS.

Penrod, fearing the ordeal of playing the part of the Child Sir Lancelot, seeks forgetfulness in the composition of a dime novel.

CHAPTER I—Continued

pup you sneered he I will get you yet Harold Ramorez

The remainin scondrel had an ax which he came near our heros head with but missed him and remand stuck in the wall Our heros amumition was exhaused what was he to do, the remanin scondrel would soon get his ax lose so our hero sprung forward and bit him till his teeth met in the flech for now our hero was fighting for his very life At this the remanin scondrel also cursed and swore vile oaths Oh sneered he —— you Harold Ramorez what did you bite me for Yes sneered Mr Wilson also and he has shot me in the abodmen too

Soon they were both cursin and revlin him together Why, sneered they what did you want to injure us for Why, you Harold Ramorez you have not got any sence and you think you are so much but you are no better than anybody else

Soon our hero could stand this no longer If you could learn to act like gentlmen said he I would not do any more to you now and your low vile exppresions have not got any effect on me only to injure your own self when you go to meet your Maker Oh I guess you have had enogh for one day and I think you have learned a lesson and will not soon atemp to beard Harold Ramorez again so with a tanting laugh he cooly lit a cigarrete and takin the keys of the cell from Mr Wilson poket went on out

Soon Mr Wilson and the wonded detective manged to bind up their wonds and got up off the floor —— it I will have that dasstads life now sneered they if we have to swing for it he shall not escape us again.

Chapiter seventh

A mule train of heavily laden burros laden with gold from the mines was to be seen wondering among the highest clifts and gorgs of the Rocky Mts and a tall man with a long silken mustash and a cartidge belt could be heard cursin vile oaths because he well knew this was the lair of Harold Ramorez Why you mean old mules you sneered he because the poor mules were not able to go any quicker for him I will show you Why —— it sneered he his oaths growing viler and viler I will whip you sos you will not be able to walk for a week you mean old mules you

Scarcly had the vile words left his lips when—

"Penrod!"

It was his mother's voice calling from the back porch.

Simultaneously the noon whistles began to blow far and near, and the romancer in the sawdust box, summoned prosaically from steep mountain passes above the clouds, paused with stubby pencil halfway from lip to knee. His eyes were shining, there was a rapt sweetness in his gaze. As he wrote his burden had grown lighter, thoughts of Mrs. Lora Rewbush had almost left him, and in particular as he recounted (even by the chaste dash) the annoyed expressions of Mr. Wilson, the wounded detective, and the silken moustached mule driver, he had felt mysteriously relieved concerning the Child Sir Lancelot. Altogether he looked a better and a brighter boy.

"Pen-rod!"

The rapt look faded slowly. He sighed, but moved not.

"Penrod! We're having lunch early just on your account, so you'll have plenty of time to be dressed for the pageant. Hurry!"

There was silence in Penrod's serie.

"Pen-rod!"

Mrs. Schofield's voice sounded nearer, indicating a threatened approach. Penrod bestirred himself. He blew out the lantern and shouted plaintively:

"Well, ain't I coming fast's I can?"

"Do hurry," returned the voice, withdrawing, and the kitchen door could be heard to close.

Replacing his manuscript and pencil in the cigar box, he carefully buried the box in the sawdust, put the lantern and oil can back in the soap box, adjusted the elevator for the reception of Duke, and in no uncertain tone invited the devoted animal to enter.

Duke stretched himself amiably, affecting not to hear and when this pretense became so obvious that even a dog could keep it up no longer sat down in a corner, facing it, his back to his master and his head perpendicular, nose upward, supported by the convergence of the two walls. This from a dog is the last word, the comble of the immutable. Penrod commanded, stormed, tried gentleness, persuaded with honeyed words and pictured rewards. Duke's eyes looked backward; otherwise he moved not. Time elapsed. Penrod stooped to flattery, finally to insincere caresses; then, losing patience, spouted sudden threats.

"Penrod, come down from that box this instant!"

"Ma'am?"

"Are you up in that sawdust box again?" As Mrs. Schofield had just heard her son's voice issue from the box and also as she knew he was there anyhow, her question must have been put for oratorical purposes only. "Because if you are," she continued promptly, "I'm going to ask your papa not to let you play there any"—

Penrod's forehead, his eyes, the tops of his ears and most of his hair became visible to her at the top of the box. "I ain't 'playing!'" he said indignantly.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Just coming down," he replied in a grieved but patient tone.

"Then why don't you come?"

"I got Duke here. I got to get him down, haven't I? You don't suppose I want to leave a poor dog in here to starve, do you?"

"Well, hand him down over the side to me. Let me"—

"I'll get him down all right," said Penrod. "I got him up here and I guess I can get him down."

"Well then, do it."

"I will if you'll let me alone. If you'll go on back to the house I promise to be there inside of two minutes. Honest."

After her departure Penrod expended some finalities of eloquence upon Duke, then disgustedly gathered him up in his arms, dumped him into the basket and, shouting sternly, "All in for the ground floor—step back there, madam—all ready, Jim!" lowered dog and basket to the floor of the storeroom. Duke sprang out in tumultuous relief and bestowed frantic affection upon his master as the latter slid down from the box.

CHAPTER II.

The Costume.

AFTER lunch his mother and his sister Margaret, a pretty girl of nineteen, dressed him for the sacrifice. They stood him near his mother's bedroom window and did what they would to him.

During the earlier anguishes of the process he was mute, exceeding the pathos of the stricken calf in the shambles, but a student of eyes might have perceived in his soul the premonitory symptoms of a sinister uprising. At a rehearsal (in citizens' clothes) attended by mothers and grownup sisters, Mrs. Lora Rewbush had announced that she wished the costuming to be "as medieval and artistic as possible." Otherwise, and as to details, she said, she would leave the costumes to the good taste of the children's parents. Mrs. Schofield and Margaret were no archaeologists, but they knew that their taste was as good as that of other mothers and sisters concerned, so with perfect confi-

Then They Began by Shrouding His Legs in a Pair of Silk Stockings.

dence they had planned and executed a costume for Penrod, and the only misgiving they felt was connected with the tractability of the Child Sir Lancelot himself.

Stripped to his underwear, he had been made to wash himself vehemently; then they began by shrouding his legs in a pair of silk stockings, once blue, but now mostly whitish. Upon Penrod they visibly surpassed mere ampleness, but they were long, and it required only a rather loose imagination to assume that they were tights.

The upper part of his body was next concealed from view by a garment so peculiar that its description becomes difficult. In 1886 Mrs. Schofield, then unmarried, had worn at her "coming out party" a dress of vivid salmon silk which had been remodeled after her marriage to accord with various epochs of fashion until a final unskillful campaign at a dye house had left it in a condition certain to attract much attention to the wearer. Mrs. Schofield had considered giving it to Della, the cook, but had decided not to do so, because you never could tell how Della was going to take things, and cooks were scarce.

It may have been the word "medieval" (in Mrs. Lora Rewbush's rich phrase) which had inspired the idea for a last and conspicuous usefulness. At all events the bodice of that once salmon dress, somewhat modified and moderated, now took a position for its farewell appearance in society upon the back, breast and arms of the Child Sir Lancelot.

The area thus costumed ceased at the waist, leaving a Jaeger-like and unmedieval gap thence to the tops of the stockings. The inventive genius of woman triumphantly bridged it, but in a manner which imposes upon history almost insuperable delicacies of narration. Penrod's father was an old fashioned man. The twentieth century had failed to shake his faith in red flannel for cold weather, and it was while Mrs. Schofield was putting away her husband's winter underwear that she perceived how hopelessly one of the elder specimens had dwindled, and simultaneously she received the inspiration which resulted in a pair of trunks for the Child Sir Lancelot and added an earnest bit of color, as well as a genuine touch of the middle ages, to his costume. Reversed, fore to aft, with the greater part of the legs cut off and strips of silver braid covering the seams, this garment, she felt, was not traceable to its original source.

When it had been placed upon Penrod the stockings were attached to it by a system of safety pins, not very perceptible at a distance. Next, after being severely warned against stooping, Penrod got his feet into the slippers he wore to dancing school—"patent leather pumps," now decorated with large pink rosettes.

"If I can't stoop," he began smoldering, "I'd like to know how'm I goin' to kneel in the pag"—

"You must manage!" This, uttered through pins, was evidently thought to be sufficient.

They fastened some ruching about his slender neck, pinned ribbons at random all over him, and then Margaret thickly powdered his hair.

"Oh, yes; that's all right," she said, replying to a question put by her mother. "They always powdered their hair in colonial times."

"It doesn't seem right to me—exactly," objected Mrs. Schofield gently. "Sir Lancelot must have been ever so long before colonial times."

"That doesn't matter," Margaret reassured her. "Nobody'll know the difference, Mrs. Lora Rewbush least of all. I don't think she knows a thing about it, though, of course, she does write splendidly and the words of the pageant are just beautiful. Stand still, Penrod!" (The author of "Harold Ramorez" had moved convulsively.) "Besides, powdered hair's always becoming. Look at him. You'd hardly know it was Penrod!"

The pride and admiration with which she pronounced this undeniable truth might have been thought tactless, but Penrod, not analytical, found his spirits somewhat elevated. No mirror was in his range of vision, and, though he had submitted to cursory measurements of his person a week earlier, he had no previous acquaintance with the costume. He began to form a not unpleasing mental picture of his appearance, something somewhere between the portraits of George Washington and a vivid memory of Miss Julia Marlowe at a matinee of "Twelfth Night."

He was additionally cheered by a sword which had been borrowed from a neighbor who was a Knight of Pythias. Finally there was a mantle, an old golf cape of Margaret's. Fluffy polka dots of white cotton had been sewed to it generously; also it was ornamented with a large cross of red flannel, suggested by the picture of a crusader in a newspaper advertisement. The mantle was fastened to Penrod's shoulder—that is, to the shoulder of Mrs. Schofield's ex-bodice—by means of large safety pins and arranged to hang down behind him, touching his heels, but obscuring nowise the glory of his facade. Then at last he was allowed to step before a mirror.

It was a full length glass and the worst immediately happened. It might have been a little less violent, perhaps, if Penrod's expectations had not been so richly and poetically idealized, but as things were the revolt was volcanic.

Victor Hugo's account of the fight with the devilfish, in "Toilers of the Sea," encourages a belief that, had Hugo lived and increased in power, he might have been equal to a proper recital of the half hour which followed Penrod's first sight of himself as the Child Sir Lancelot. But Mr. Wilson himself, dastard but eloquent foe of Harold Ramorez, could not have expressed, with all the vile dashes at his command, the sentiments which animated Penrod's bosom when the instantaneous and unalterable conviction descended upon him that he was intended by his loved ones to make public spectacle of himself in his sister's stockings and part of an old dress of his mother's.

To him these familiar things were not disguised at all. There seemed no possibility that the whole world would not know them at a glance. The stockings were worse than the bodice. He had been assured that these could not be recognized, but, seeing them in the mirror, he was sure that no human eye could fail at first glance to detect the difference between himself and the former purposes of these stockings. Fold, wrinkle, and void shrieked their history with a hundred tongues, invoking earthquake, eclipse and blue ruin. The frantic youth's final submission was obtained only after a painful telephonic conversation between himself and his father, the latter having been called up and upon by the exhausted Mrs. Schofield, to subjugate his offspring by wire.

The two ladies made all possible haste after this to deliver Penrod into the hands of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Nevertheless, they found opportunity to exchange earnest congratulations upon his not having recognized the humble but serviceable paternal garment now brilliant about the Lancelotish middle. Altogether, they felt that the costume was a success. Penrod looked like nothing ever remotely imagined by Sir Thomas Malory or Alfred Tennyson—for that matter he looked like nothing ever before seen on earth—but as Mrs. Schofield and Margaret took their places in the audience at the Women's Arts and Guild hall, the anxiety they felt concerning Penrod's elocutionary and gesticular powers so soon to be put to public test was pleasantly tempered by their satisfaction that, owing to their efforts, his outward appearance would be a credit to the family.

The Child Sir Lancelot found himself in a large anteroom behind the stage—a room crowded with excited children, all about equally medieval and artistic. Penrod was less conspicuous than he thought himself, but he was so preoccupied with his own shame, steeling his nerves to meet the first inevitable taunting reference to his sister's stockings, that he failed to perceive there were others present in much of his own unmanned condition. Retiring to a corner immediately upon his entrance, he managed to unfasten the mantle at the shoulders and, drawing it round him, pinned it again at his throat so that it concealed the rest of his costume. This permitted a temporary relief, but increased his horror of the moment when, in pursuance of the action of the "pageant," the sheltering garment must be cast aside.

Some of the other child knights were also keeping their mantles close about them. A few of the envied opulent swung brilliant fabrics from their shoulders, airily showing off hired splendors from a professional costumer's stock, while one or two were insulting examples of parental indulgence, particularly little Maurice Levy, the Child Sir Galahad. This shrinking person went clamorously about, making it known everywhere that the best tailor in town had been dazzled by a great sum into constructing his costume. It consisted of blue velvet knickerbockers, a white satin waistcoat and a beautifully cut little swallow tailed coat with pearl buttons. The medieval and artistic triumph was completed by a mantle of yellow velvet and little white boots sporting gold tassels.

All this radiance paused in a brilliant career and addressed the Child Sir Lancelot, gathering an immediately formed semicircular audience of little girls. Woman was ever the trailer of magnificence.

"What you got on?" inquired Mr. Levy after dispensing information. "What you got on under that ole golf cape?"

Penrod looked upon him coldly. At other times his questioner would have approached him with deference, even with apprehension. But today the Child Sir Galahad was somewhat intoxicated with the power of his own beauty.

"What you got on?" he repeated.

"Oh, nothin'," said Penrod, with an indifference assumed at great cost to his nervous system.

The elate Maurice was inspired to set up as a wit. "Then you're nakid!" he shouted exultantly. "Penrod Schofield says he hasn't got nothin' on under that ole golf cape! He's nakid! He's nakid!"

The audience of little girls giggled irritatingly, and a javelin pierced the inwards of Penrod when he saw that the Child Elaine, amber curled and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golden laughter to the horrid jest.

Other boys and girls came flocking to the uproar. "He's nakid, he's nakid!" shrieked the Child Sir Galahad. "Penrod Schofield's nakid! He's na-a-a-kid!"

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Lora Rewbush, pushing her way into the group. "Remember, we are all little knights and ladies today. Little knights and ladies of the Table Round would not make so much noise. Now, children, we must begin to take our places on the stage. Is everybody here?"

Penrod made his escape under cover of this diversion. He slid behind Mrs Lora Rewbush and, being near a door, opened it unnoticed and went out quickly, closing it behind him. He found himself in a narrow and vacant hallway which led to a door marked "Janitor's Room."

Burning with outrage, heartsick at the sweet, cold blooded laughter of Marjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elbows upon a window sill and speculated upon the effects of a leap from the second story. One of the reasons he gave it up was his desire to live on Maurice Levy's account; already he was forming educational plans for the Child Sir Galahad.

A stout man in blue overalls passed through the hallway, muttering to himself petulantly. "I reckon they'll find that ball hot enough now!" he said, conveying to Penrod an impression that some too feminine women had sent him upon an unreasonable errand to the furnace. He went into the janitor's room and, emerging a moment later minus the overalls, passed Penrod again with a bass rumble—"Dern 'em!" it seemed he said—and made a gloomy exit by the door at the upper end of the hallway.

The conglomerate and delicate rustle of a large, mannerly audience was heard as the janitor opened and closed the door, and stage fright seized the boy. The orchestra began an overture, and at that Penrod, trembling violently, tiptoed down the hall into the janitor's room. It was a cul-de-sac; there was no outlet save by the way he had come.

Despairingly he doffed his mantle and looked down upon himself for a last sickening assurance that the stockings were as obviously and disgracefully Margaret's as they had seemed in the mirror at home. For a moment he was encouraged; perhaps he was no worse than some of the other boys. Then he noticed that a safety pin had opened; one of those connecting the stockings with his trunks. He sat down to fasten it, and his eye fell for the first time with particular attention upon the trunks. Until this instant he had been preoccupied with the stockings.

Slowly recognition dawned in his eyes.

The Schofields' house stood on a corner at the intersection of two main traveled streets, the fence was low and the publicity obtained by the washable portion of the family apparel on Mondays had often been painful to Penrod, for hours have a peculiar sensitiveness

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Dick Allen went to Hood River one day this week on business.

The Pounder home is occupied by the Repp family.

Ed Wagstaff was a Columbia Beach visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Cook of Linnton visited Mrs. Wesley Allen Saturday.

Miss Gertrude Chambers will teach at the Stone school, near Baker's Bridge, beginning the 20th.

Mrs. Dr. Lockwood has the sympathy of Arleta friends in the loss of her mother on Thursday of last week.

L. F. Brasnre and wife, B. B. Bowman and S. N. Sanders and wife visited the Vancouver fair Monday.

Try Walsh when you are in need of expert auto repair work. None but expert help employed.

Our machine oils are the best and as cheap as the cheapest good oils. See us when you want a supply. Walsh, 9319 Foster Road.

Lieutenant R. D. Gaisner of Engine No. 31, and wife, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Griffith were entertained by Capt. W. Exon and wife of Eagle Creek and served with a chicken dinner, Sunday.

Miss Frances Hershner, daughter of Prof. Hershner, principal of the Lents school, returned from Rockaway Beach Monday, where she has been spending the summer with her mother. Miss Frances was accompanied by her sister Lois who spent the week-end at the beach. Mrs. Hershner will return at the close of the present week after having spent the summer at the Ocean Crest Apartments of which she is the proprietor.

Tuesday evening, August 31, under the direction of Miss Sadie Carlson, fourth vice-president, about fifty of the Epworth Leaguers and their friends "hiked" to Kenilworth Park. After the park was reached the merry-makers played old-fashioned games and when tired of that the gentlemen of the crowd led in the singing of familiar songs. Refreshments consisting of wafers and ice cream were served just before the guests started home.

The wedding of Miss Fern Allen last Thursday afternoon was one of the events of the season. The wedding occurred at the bride's home. The groom, Mr. Albert R. King, is a young farmer living near Hillsboro. Only relatives and a few neighbor girl friends of the bride were present. The girls then served the wedding lunch. Rev. W. Boyd Moore read the ceremony. The bride was dressed in white silk and lace, and carried a boquet of white asters and fern. Mrs. Earl Peterson played the wedding march. Several showers were given the bride previous to the wedding and she received all sorts of nice and useful presents. They left for Hillsboro Saturday.

Thirty members of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church School gathered at the home of Rev. W. H. Amos at 7420 62 St. S. E., on Monday evening for the regular monthly worker's conference of the school. The teachers of the school were present with but a single exception, and great interest was manifested in the work for the coming year. Preliminary steps were taken to provide for the needed improvement in Sunday School rooms in the basement of the church. Definite plans were completed for Rally Day which will be observed September 26. As a feature of the plan an effort will be made to have every member of the Sunday School present at the Rally Day service, which is looked upon as a day of welcoming back to those who have been away, as well as a rallying of forces for the work of the coming winter. Mrs. Amos was assisted in serving refreshments by Miss Lizzie Laird. The conference adjourned to meet on October 4, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Zehrung at 7105 48th Ave. S. E.